

TRICKY DICK LOCKWOOD

44th TFS Hymnal

OFFICIAL UNEXPURGATED,
UNABRIDGED, UNBELIEVABLE
1970 EDITION

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(1)

WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY

Tune: My Indiana Home

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor,
And the 85s start puffing at Kep Hay,
You will know your target's just around that mountain
And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you reach your pull up point and start your pop up,
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge and as you start your roll in,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running,
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges,
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly,
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're resting easy,
A drink of water helps you on your way,
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know,
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving down, you're running,
But his overtake is much too great today,
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin,
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play!

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by
BAC-9 and the trees,
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy
summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you
could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really
quite a dog,
She's known around the country as
Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will
always smell,
He'll always be remembered down in
Fighter Pilots Hell,
He frags all the targets and sends us
out to die
He sends us into combat in
Republic's 105.

Listen to the jingle the grutin' and
the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the
BAC-9 and the trees,
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as
you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in
Republic's Ultra Hog!!

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

To the valley he said he was flying
And he never saw the pay that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valley
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley
And today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flack is so thick in the valley,
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need
So fly high and down sun in the valley
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.
In the States it had always been fun,
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
'Twas the last A. A. R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flack toward the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,
We will sit there and tickle the heads,
For we're going to the Red River Valley
And my callsign today is TEAK lead!

OUR LEADERS

Tune: Mañana

At Phillips Range in Kansas
The jocks all had the knack
But now that we're in combat
We got Colonels on our back
And every time we say "Shit Hot"
or whistle in the bar
We have to answer to somebody
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)

Our leaders, Our leaders,
Our leaders is what they always say,
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one
And the jocks were scared as Hell.
They ran to meet us with a beer
and tell us we were swell,
But Recce took the B. D. A. ,
And said we missed a hair.
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell
From the Wheels at Second Air.

(CHORUS)

They send us out in bunches
To bomb a bridge and die
These tactics are for bombers
That our leaders used to fly.
The bastards don't trust our Colonel up
in Wing, and so I guess,
We have to leave the thinking to
The Wheels in J. C. S. !

(CHORUS)

The J. C. S. are generals
And they're not always right
Sometimes they have to think
it over
Well into the night.
When they have a question
Or something they can't hack,
They have to leave the judgement
To that money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger
For he's on salary too
To be the final say so
If something he can't do
Before we fly the mission
And everything O. K
He has to get permission from
Flight Leader L. B. J.

ON TOP OF THE POP UP

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of the pop up
And flat on my back
I lost my poor wingman
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent
The sites were all dead,
Until we rolled in
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,
The missiles flashed by
Sweet Mother of Jesus,
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit
I'm going to bust"
Not one Goddamned Elint
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots
And listen to Dad,
Forget about jinking
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,
Their flak reaches far,
It's a long walk to Takhli,
And a beer at the bar.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE

Tune: The Strawberry Roan

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty
clime,
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack
of time,
When up walks this Colonel and says,
"I suppose
You're a trained killer by the looks
of your clothes. "
Well I looked him up once and I looked
him down twice.
I could tell by his sneer he weren't
thinkin' nice,
So I said in a voice that shook with
the fear,
I'm your man if you buy the beer. "

The Colonel then said, "I've a place
in mind
Where you can go, if you're not blind,
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,
I need a man that's good in the clutch. "
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up
in twine,
"This is your bird, now get on your way. "
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn
my pay.
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief
shout,
"The oil pressure's low, the water
don't work,
And the stab aug's got one hell of a jerk.

(9)

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley sifting cinders
Raised up her leg and farted like a man
The wind from her bloomers, broke
 six windows
The cheeks of her ass went:
 BAM! BAM! BAM!

(10)

UP IN THAT VALLEY

Tune: Down in the Valley

Up in that valley,
 That valley so low
Where the SAM missiles flourish,
 And the 85s glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
 The Hanoi rail yard,
The bridges at Bac Giang
 They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,
 And the strike pilots flail,
The MIGs try to bounce us,
 But they always fail.

The MIG cap he hollers,
 "There's bandits at twelve!"
"Launch!" screams the Weasel,
 It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'
 Right next to my hide,
All I can hear is,
 "you're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run
 The target's in sight
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking
 "I'd better break right."

(10) Contd

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
What a beautiful sight.

Oh shit, I just noticed
An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,
I know I'm not dead
Please, God, get this old Thud
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past
That muddy old slough,
The Sandys and Jollys
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,
And now I can boast
The rest I can finish
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
Although I must say,
I often have seen it,
] Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley
That valley of grief
I hope all your flights there
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,
So long to Takhli
Don't bust your ass, buddy,
I'm going home free.

(11)

POP GOES THE WEASEL

Around and around the SAM site
The missile chased the Weasel.
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
To roll in to displease 'em
One more pass with HEI.
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian Techs got all pissed off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.
They show their ass, we shoot it off.
Pop goes the Weasel.

(12)

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI

Tune: Winchester Cathedral
Don't send me to Hanoi,
Please, don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there.
Don't send me downtown.
The bridges at Bac Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bay
I don't like that much flak.
It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none,
Those BUF support missions,
They make my ass numb.
Just send me on milk runs,
Where there are no big guns,
I just want to fly where
It's easy on my bear.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha
They said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha,
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE

Tune: Where Have All the Flowers Gone

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Vietnam.
When will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the VC gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the VC gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC gone?
To fix the bridges that we bomb.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

(14) Cont'd

Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go?
'Cross the fence again, I know.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Along the railroad, oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home; their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh, yes, they've finally learned.

(15)

WILD WEASEL

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us, they're shooting, and how!
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Keep moving, they're shooting, the target's at eight.
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.

(15) Cont'd

A missile, a missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh, God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.
Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.
And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

(16)

12 DAYS OF COMBAT

Tune: 12 Days of Christmas

On the first day of combat, the Air Force
gave to me, a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day ... 2 rocket pods.

On the third day ... 3 fuel tanks.

On the fourth day ... 4 AIM 9's

On the fifth day ... 5 MIGs to chase

On the sixth day ... 6 750's

On the seventh day ... 7 SAMs a singing

On the eighth day ... 8 flak sites firing

On the ninth day ... 9 senators snooping

On the tenth day ... 10 Sandys searching

On the eleventh day ... 11 choppers whirling

On the twelfth day ... 12 pooyings waiting

HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great renown,
 There was a pilot of great renown,
 There was a pilot of great renown,
 Until he fucked a girl from our town--
 Fucked a girl from our town--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,
 He laid her in a feather bed, he
 Laid her in a feather bed,
 And then he twisted out her maidenhead,
 Twisted out her maidenhead--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,
 He laid her on a winding stair,
 He laid her on a winding stair,
 And -then- he shoved it in clear up to there--
 Shoved it in clear up to there--
 Ha, Ha, Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a stump,
 He laid her down beside a stump,
 He laid her down beside a stump,
 And-then-he missed her cunt and split
 the stump--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,
 He laid her down beside a pond,
 He laid her down beside a pond,
 And-then-he fucked her with his magic wand,
 Fucked her with his magic wand--
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on the dewey grass,
 He laid her on the dewey grass,
 He laid her on the dewey grass,
 And-then-he shoved the old boy up her ass,
 Shoved the old boy up her ass
 Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

(17) Cont'd

He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
He took her to the countryside,
And-then-he fucked the girl until she died,
Fucked the girl until she died,
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He took her to the Burial Ground,
He took her to the Burial Ground,
He took her to the Burial Ground,
And-then-he thought he'd have another round,
Thought he'd have another round,
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

(18)

I WANTED WINGS ((S. E. A. Version)

I've been alive
Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.
I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded
And like a fool I made it.
Then they made me number four,
And then they sent me off to war,

Buster

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief
The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three hundred switches.

Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

(18) Cont'd

To keep my body alive
They taught me to survive
At a place nestled in the hills
They fed me procupine,
And other goodies fine
Pemmican to cure all my ills

And in three weeks I had made it.
They said I'd graduated
Well, buddy, if that's livin'
Think that I'll just give in,

Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training
In the snow, and when it's raining.
I'd rather be a weenie
With my tootie and martini,

Buster

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay,
But I cannot get away.
In Hanoi they all love parades.
Each day we tak a walk
Through Hanoi's Central Park
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mannas
Dressed us all in black pajamas,
Spectators, they just sit there,
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there.

Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105
I'd much rather stay alive
The lousy afterburner
Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings
Till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are just in jest;
Thud drivers are best,
At flying 'n chasing women, too.
The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,
And wish to hell this was was through.
And for some it is all over.
They lie down neath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,
But we will not forget their names,

Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations
For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well
They can split-S down to Hell,

Buster.

They wanted wings
And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

Oh, if all little girls were like
fish in the ocean.
And I were a whale I would teach
them emotion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh
roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the
moon.

Oh, if all little girls were like bells
in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang
by the hour.

Oh, if all little girls were like
fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure
make them quiver.

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep
in the pasture.
And I were a ram I'd make them
run faster.

Oh, if all little girls were like
little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them
bad habits.

Oh, if all little girls were like little
red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would
fix 'em.

Oh, if all little girls were like
Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice as hard and get twice
as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows
in the clover
And I were a bull I would chase
them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like
little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them
for hours.

Oh, if all little girls were like
little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them
the dickens.

Oh, if all little girls were like
little ole turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in
their girdles.

Of, if all little girls were like
Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-String oh, boy
what I'd see.

Oh, if all little girls were like
nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I
could.

I wish little girls were like little
white rabbits
And I were a buck and I'd teach
them bad habits.

I wish all young girls were like
statues of Venus
And I were a man with a
petrified penis.

I wish all young girls were like
bats in a steeple
And I were a bat there'd be more
bats than people.

I wish all young girls were like
mountain road passes
And I were a sports car I'd buzz
all their asses

(19) Cont'd

I wish all young girls were like
diamonds and rubies
And I were a jeweler I'd polish
their boobies

I wish all young girls were like
B-29s
And I were a fighter pilot, I'd
buzz their behinds.

I wish all young girls were like
strawberry patches
And I were a farmer I'd harvest
their snatches.

I wish all young girls were like
fish in a pool
And I were a shark with a waterproof
tool.

I wish all young girls were like
fish in the ocean
And I were a wave I'd show them
the motion.

I wish all young girls were like
trees in a forest
And I were a woodsman I'd split
their clitoria.

I wish all young girls were like
bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them
in style.

I wish all young girls were like mares in a
stable
And I were a groom I'd mount all
I was able.

Oh, if all little girls were bricks in
a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them
in style.

WOODPECKER SONG

Tune: Dixie

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out,
Remove it.

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Put it back, put it back, put it back,
Replace it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around,
Revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
In and out, in and out, in and out,
Reciprocate it.

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,
Retract it.

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole,
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul,
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell,
Revolting.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi
Who loves a fighter crew
She runs the Hanoi Hilton
And she longs to welcome you.
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh
He has a long goatee
And if you greet him nicely,
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,
And I'll give you a hunch,
I don't want to meet her family,
Cause they're such a nasty bunch.
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast,
And fish heads and rice for tea.
But so long as they don't catch me.
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom
Or you may fly a Thud,
But if you fly to Hanoi
Better listen to me Bud.
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,
Or Los Angeles and such,
But the yellow rose of Hanoi
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS: DaNang Lullabye
Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air.
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,
I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat
Then have a beer when I return.
I usually finish the first one,
Before incoming rounds are heard.

Each morning we go off to combat,
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.
The Gyreens are up even sooner,
To recapture the ramp at DaNang.

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led
My wife thinks that its rather silly,
To put sandbags around our bed.

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

We've been working on the railroad
 Every fucking day,
 We've been working on the railroad
 Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,
 No rolling stock or switches,
 But Seventh frags us on the railroad,
 Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAMS galore, 57's too,
 85's will scragg your old Yazoo!
 Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too,
 So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,
 Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o
 Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,
 Shouting on the radio.

Shouting Fee, Fi Fiddly - I - O
 Fee, Fi Fiddly I - O, oh, oh, oh,
 Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh,
 Only 99 more to go.

#1 CLISMAS SONG

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,
 Bull frogs singing in the choir,
 Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho
 It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos clawling acloss the cold bare floor,
 Flied lice cooking on the stove,
 Tee Locks kissing neath the mistle toe,
 It's Melly Clismas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,
 Garlic breath gets in my way.
 VC's roasting in a napalm fire.
 Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,
 Napalm rising at their feet,
 I drooped it low, but they went too slow,
 Melly Clismas Uncle Ho.

(23) Cont'd

VC making love near rice paddy,
Tee Locks eyes are all aglow,
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,
Tee Lock screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,
Chappie joined him over there,
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight.

(24)

SONG OF THE WOLF PACK

Tune: Ghost Riders in the Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack
Go to the briefing room
The mission is a good one
To the MIGs it will mean doom
We're going up to Hanoi
To Kep and Phuc Yen too
To write our bloody record
In the annals of the blue.

We take off in our Phantoms
To play our deadly cards
The engines make our thunder
And our eyes are steely hard.
We're on the way to battle
The forces of the foe
We're certain to destroy them
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the sky.
We cycle through the tanker
The tension starts to rise
We go to meet our destiny
Awaiting in the skies
We turn and arm our missiles
As we streak across the black
Our boss is in the forefront
Leading the Wolf Pack

(24) Cont'd

We're showing on their radar
Their hearts are full of hate
They rise to meet the challenge
To meet their bloody fate
They're headed for disaster
As any fool can tell
They dare to face the Wolf Pack
We'll shoot them clear to hell.

We battle today and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the Sky.

Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"
They're MIGs, a flight of two
I'm too close for the sparrow
The sidewinder will do.
I'll roll into the six o'clock
Behind the trailing MIG
and let him have a missile
Just like a fiery GIG.

Oh other flights engaged more MIGs
Hot action filled the air
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated
Before heading for their lair.
The enemy won't soon forget
The awesome deadly toll
As the 8th Wing troops return to base
And make their victory rolls.

We battle today and make our kills
The Wolf Pack in the Sky.

(25)

IF YOU FLY

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
G.E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eight-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For you life ain't worth a dime
What's your scheduled blow up time?

CHORUS:

If you fly a Ninety-four
 You will never holler no more
 For your lot we do not pine
 It's better than an Eight-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eight-six
 You will really get your kicks
 Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
 Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101
 Tell yourself its really fun
 One day it will pitch up with you
 And you will wish you never flew.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102
 Don't go up unless its blue
 For if you feel one drop of rain
 You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 104
 The whole world flocks to your door.
 Range is short, the wings don't last
 But golly it sure does fly fast.

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief
 You will soon shake like a leaf
 Flying it may make you stick
 It handles like a great big brick.

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phantom Two
 You're flying days will soon be through
 It flies at twice the speed of sound
 If you can get it off the ground.

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a maiden named
 Adeline Schmidt
 She went to the doctor cause she
 couldn't shit
 He gave her some medicine all
 wrapped up in glass
 Up went the window and out went
 her ass.

CHORUS:

It was brown, brown, shit
 falling down
 Brown, brown, shit all around
 It was brown, brown, shit
 falling down
 The whole world was covered with
 SHIT, SHIT, SHIT, SHIT

A handsome young copper was
 walking his beat
 He happened to be on that side
 of the street
 He looked up so bashful, he
 looked up so shy
 And a great gob of shit hit him
 right in the eye.

The handsome young copper, he
 cursed and he swore
 He called that young maiden a
 dirty old whore
 'Neath London bridge he is now
 forced to sit
 With a sign round his neck saying
 "blinded by shit".

NAPALM

Tune: Good Ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer with his pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down
(hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when my napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when those rockets went down
(hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thai Nuygen when I knew I was through
The 37s and 57s had shot my turbine through
It was sad when I hit the silk, oh my God, I strained my milk,
It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when that pilot went down
(hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
Itty bitty children lost their lives
It was sad when that pilot went down.

ON TOP OF OLD THUD RIDGE

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of old Thud Ridge
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman
He'll never get back.

For flying's a pleasure
And dying a grief
And a quick triggered Commie
Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you
And take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand
Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather
Keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this
Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots
Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures
Then give us some more
But we have all heard them
Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainees
You can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story
Is easy to see
Don't go to Haiphong
Or old Quang Khe

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a
gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

CHORUS: Ay, Ay, Yi, Yi
 In China they never eat Chili
 So sing me another verse
 That's worse than the other verse
 And waltz me around again Willie

(29) Cont'd

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all
 ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they
 played Stormy Weather
And lighting shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the world's champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he
 played God Save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born
 by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up
 in a spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went
 down on his mother
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as he handed him
 his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked her
 bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his
 madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he
 knew on this earth
There were only two balls and
 he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named
 Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of
 a shit
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one think I do know
All women are fine, and sheep
 are divine
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from
 New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pon my soul, you have
 the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the
 right one.

There was a man from St. James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match to his grandmother's
 snatch
And laughed as she pissed through
 the flames.

There was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to
 be woo'd in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he
 screwed her.

There was a young bishop from
Birmingham
Who diddled nuns while confirmin'
'em
He brought them indoors, slipped
down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from
Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts
and the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that
were fuckin' 'em.

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled the
stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young queer from Khartuom
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had
the right
To do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of its weight, plus his
penis times eight
Was four/fifths of five/eighths of
fuck all.

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and
burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled
her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from
Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could
suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped
off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I could
fuck it.

There once was a young man
from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put
it in double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a
phallis
They found her vagina, in South
Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd
the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his
pants.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the
clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of
her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of
the blind
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not
eat the green meat
That hung in festions from her
drawers.

(29) Cont'd

There was a young girl from Peru
Who as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden to pee
He said Pax Vo Biscum, I can't make the piss come
I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a selection
From Johan Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling.

(30)

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Tune: Bless them all

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter rotate
They are scattered and smitten from Burma to Britain
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: Just give me operations
 Way out on some lonely atoll
 For I am too young to die
 I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger
you in
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a P-51
It was alright for fighting the hun
But with coolant tank dry, you'll
run out of sky
Don't give me a P-51.

Don't give me a peter four oh
It's a hell of an airplane I know
A ground looping bastard, you're
sure to get plastered
Don't give me a peter four oh.

Don't give me a P-61
For night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm
scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84
She's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine, moan and wheeze and
she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt,
It gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like
it too
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt.

Don't give me a jet shooting star
It'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will
flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star.

Don't give me an F-86
With wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but
as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86.

Don't give me an F-89
Tho' TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the States, all
boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89.

Don't give me an F-94
It's never established a score
It may fly in weather, but won't
hold together
Don't give me an F-94.

Don't give me an 86-D
With rockets, radar and A/B
She's fast, I don't care, she
blows up in mid air
Don't give me an 86-D.

Don't give me a C-45
So slow it stalls out in a dive
A ground loop built in it, and bird
colonels in it
Don't give me a C-45.

Don't give me a C-54
Six inches of rugs on the floor
And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here
to Manhattan
Don't give me a C-54.

Don't give me a B-45
The pilots don't get back alive
The MIG-15s chase 'em, they soon
will erase them
Don't give me a B-45.

Don't give me a one-double-O
The bastard is ready to blow
The A/B is there, but you're
saying a prayer
Don't give me a one-double-O

Don't give me an F-102
It never goes up when it's blue
An all weather coffin, that
flames out so often
Don't give me an F-102

THE COED AND THE CADET

The coed and the cadet were courting I declare,
 Down by the gate they didn't know that I was there
 Oh the coed she was bashful and the cadet he was shy
 He asked her if he could and this was her reply:

You can do it if you wanna
 But you'd better do it right,
 You'd better not do it
 Like you did the other night,
 Cause if you do, I'm telling you
 I'll never let you do it again
 I really mean it,
 I'll never let you kiss me again.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman
 Is like a ship without a sail
 Is like a boat without a rudder
 Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman
 Is like a shipwreck on the sand
 But if there's one thing worse in this universe
 It's a woman, I said a woman
 I mean a woman without a man.

For you can roll a silver dollar
 Cross the bar room floor
 And it will roll, because it's round
 And a woman never knows what a good man she's got
 Until she turns him down.

So honey listen, now honey listen to me
 I want you to understand
 That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
 While a woman goes from man to man.

THE LADY IN RED

'Twas a cold winter's evening
 The guests were all leaving
 O'Leary was closing the bar
 When he turned and he said to the lady in red
 "Get out, you can't stay where you are."
 She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
 As she thought of the cold night ahead
 When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
 And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her
 The things a young girl should know
 About the ways of Air Force men
 And how they come and go, mostly go.....
 Now age has taken her beauty
 And sin has left its sad scar
 So remember your mothers and sisters boys,
 And let her sleep under the bar.

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
 From flushing toilets while the train
 Is standing in the station, I love you
 As we go strolling through the park
 And goosing statues in the dark
 If Sherman's horse can stand it
 Why can't you.
 You're the guy that did the pushing
 Put the wet spots on the cushion
 Foot prints on the dashboard upside down
 Ever since you met my daughter
 She's had trouble passing water
 Wish that you had never come to town.
 I'M the guy that did the pushing
 Put the wet spots on the cushion
 Footprints on the dashboard upside down.
 Since I met your daughter Venus
 I've had trouble with my penis
 Wish I'd never seen your goddamn town.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND

Come and join the Air Force
We're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work
Just fly around all day
While others work and study
And soon grow old and blind
We take to the air without a care
And you will never mind.

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
So come and join the Air Force
And you will never mind.

Come and get promoted
As high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train
If you're an Air Force flier
And when you get to General, you will surely find
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls in
But you will never mind.

You rake it up and spin it
And with an awful tear
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in
But you will never mind
For in about two minutes more
Another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete and his angel's sweet
But you will never mind.

While flying the Pacific
You hear the engine spit
You watch the tach come to a stop
The goddam thing has quit
The ship won't float, and you can't swim
Oh what a dish for dainty fish
But you will never mind.

While flying over Laos
In a Thunderchief
There's one thing to remember
And that's my firm belief
I've only got one engine, Jack
And if that bastard quits

(35) Cont'd

It'll be up there by itself
Cause I will shit and git.

And if some wily MIG 21
Should shoot you down in flames
Don't sit around and bellyache
And call the bastard names
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk
And pretty soon you'll find
There is no hell and all is well
And you will never mind.

(36)

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT

(With apologies to "The Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer
('Twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over
From screwing the maid.

So with canopies open
And heads hung in grief
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief.

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Got them all to the Anchor --
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds
Spread in "pod" -- Quite a force
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan Horse

The MIGs had been scrambled
Were headed out east
But the gunners are hosing
Eight-fives at our beast.

Why the hell should they hate me
I cried in dismay
I'm egressing, you bastards
So play it my way.

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit
And I knew there and then
Things had just turned to shit

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
With our whole fuckin' crew.

So in anger, and pissed
Did we drop the whole load
And the cock-suckin' gunner's
Kids, wife and abode.

There was no goddman grief
As I cried out with glee
Eat your heart out, you bitch
For you'll never get me.

So with eighty per cent
(That was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET.

But 'twas mostly in vain
As we swung past the Red -
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead.

Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry.

As my two three and four
Broke down, left, then right
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light.

Well ol' buddy, my number one
GIB says to me
"It looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee.

"And with your goddamn luck
We should punch out at ten
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin.

"For I just know goddamn well
As I sit here in fright
That both fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night.

"And I want you to know"
He hastened to add,
"That in case we don't make it
Please don't get mad.

"It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work
I told you that twice,
You dumb fuckin' jerk.

"A tank didn't feed,
The doppler was short,
(you said) we'll get our counter
No matter what.

"Well, you've got your first counter
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast. "

Shut your trap, and eject
Was the word of the day,
So we punched, not at ten
But at two, so they say....

BROWN ANCHOR

Tune: Oh Susanna

The phone did ring at half past four
For briefing I weren't there
Get your ass here right away
You've been elected spare.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
Oh, leader go home fast"

I was sitting by the runway
And feeling mighty low
Bear four, you've got a hydraulic leak
I guess I'll have to go.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
Oh, leader go home fast.

I guess I told a little lie
It probably wasn't fair
It was my only chance to say
Bear spare is in the air.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
Oh, leader go home fast.

It was raining out when we took off
Night weather we did fly
A rendezvous at nineteen thou
My tanks were nearly dry.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
Oh, leader go home fast.

As we climbed out I had to fart
My belly it did swell
I had to put my mask back on
I couldn't stand the smell.

Oh Brown Anchor
With my two hour ass
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick
Oh, leader go home fast.

They're 12 o'clock at 5 miles
You're cleared refueling freq
"Tally-ho" our flight lead cried
And head-on we did meet.

Chorus:

We hung out at 14 thou
The burner going strong
The flak came flying by my bow
We can't hang out here long.

Chorus.

Oh I pulled off the target
And for BDA looked back
I couldn't see the bomb burst
For the son-of-a-bitchin' flak.

Chorus.

Finally got my hundred flown
To the States I'm flying back
Six more hours on my ass
And then into the sack.

No more Brown Anchor
For my two hour ass
Get that clip right off my dick
And jump in bed right fast.

I opened my hold baggage
My wife she sure did flip
I hope that she will understand
I just adopted "Nip".

I rolled over with a sigh
Bed springs were sagging low
But a mark upon the wall
Only 99 to go.

DOWNTOWN

When you got a belly full of bravo's
 And skyspots you can always go
 DOWNTOWN.
 When you 've been drinkin' and "cancel"
 Your're thinking, you are sure to go
 DOWNTOWN.
 Listen to the music of the Fan Songs
 Softly singing
 Look and see the contrails of the
 MIGs so swiftly winging
 Sweat out the booze
 The flak is much blacker there
 It shakes up the pilots
 It shakes up the bears
 To go downtown
 Tried flying fast and slow
 DOWNTOWN
 Tried flying high and low
 DOWNTOWN
 Everything's shooting at you.

We still remember and we
 Still all care
 So we go
 DOWNTOWN
 Till it is o'er and done
 DOWNTOWN
 Till it is through and won
 DOWNTOWN
 Everything's waiting for you.

Look and see the airfields with their
 Runways so inviting
 See the interceptors coming up to
 Join in the fighting
 Get out of here
 SAMs are much thicker there
 Come up in singles
 Come up in pairs
 DOWNTOWN
 Everything's waiting for you.

Just when it seems 100 come quickly
 You can always go
 DOWNTOWN
 Somehow the feeling in your stomach
 Gets sickly when you have to go
 DOWNTOWN
 Crew Chiefs launch their aircraft with
 A pride and care amazing.
 Proudly watch the Thunderchiefs, their
 Afterburners blazing
 They're going again
 Our buddies are jailed up there

(39)

AIR CORPS LAMENT

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the
fighting sky.

With hearts that laughed at death and lived for
nothing but to fly.

But now these hearts are grounded and those days
are long gone by,
The force is shot to Hell.

CHORUS: Glory--flying regulations have them read
at every station
Crucify the man who breaks them
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played
the angel's game,
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled
our way to fame,
But know that's all VERBOTTEN and we're all to
gash-darn tame,
The force is Shot To Hell

CHORUS:

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of
that
The force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Have you ever climbed a Thunderchief up to where
the air is thin ?
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear
the screaming din ?
Have you tried to do it lately ?
Better not--you'll auger in,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the
days of old
When pilots took their choice of being old or
"young and bold"
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite
old,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may
still be wet
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have
not been set,
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and
really let
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

My bones have felt their pounding thump and hundred
thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly
wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,
The Force is Shot to Hell

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes
were dancing flame,
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that
blasted Hanoi's name,
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their
heads in shame,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged thunderchiefs through a
living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring
them back
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations
Shack
The Force is Shot to Hell

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the
Liberators, too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails
in the blue,
But now the skies are empty and our planes are
wet with dew
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings
of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your
heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin',
groanin', squeal,
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang
the fighting song,
About the wild blue yonder in the days when
men were strong,
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may
do wrong
The Force is Shot to Hell

FLAK SHOWERS

Tune: April Showers

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
My fuel is BINGO, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight you may
Stay and fight alone.
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on straffing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and cath them on her tits
She's agreat big sonofabith, twice as big as me
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree
She can swin, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane,
drive a truck
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

HERE'S TO

Here's to _____ he's true blue
He's a drunkard through and through
He's a drunkard so they say
Oh, he tried to go to heaven
But he went the other way
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
chug-a-lug
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug
chug-a-lug

CALL OUT THE RESERVES

In peacetime the Regulars are happy
In peacetime they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
They'll call out the Goddamn Reserves

CHORUS:

Call out, call out
Call out the Goddamn Reserves, Reserves
Call out, call out
Oh, call out the Goddamn Reserves

Here's the the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the Goddamn Reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

They call up every young man
They call up every old jock
The Reservists are sent to Korat
The Regulars stay in Bangkok.

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the Goddamn Reservists
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

VIRGIN STURGEON

Tune: Ruben, Ruben

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon
Virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lover's winning ways
First he grips her with his flipper
Then he flips her and grips for days.

Shad roe comes from a scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a very sad fate
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate.

Oysters they are fishy bivalves
They have youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do, so what the hell.

DA NANG LULLABYE

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS:

Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in
Roll in, roll in,
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia
To fight my own war in the air
I've spent half my tour in a bunker
I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat
Then have a beer when I return
I usually finish the first one
Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS:

Each morning we go off to combat
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain
The Gyreens are up even sooner
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS:

And now my tour is all over
I'll resume the life that I led.
My wife thinks that its rather silly
To put sandbags around the bed.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85MM GUNNER

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the force
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed till he is hoarse
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job to do"
The Thuds are coming in.

(46) Cont'd

CHORUS:

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die
I don't want to fight no more.

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my gun I stand
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense of this land
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I call grand
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like it one damn bit
If they miss me this last time I think that I shall quit
The Thuds are coming in.

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell
Each day they scare us shitless in a way we know so well
Our Commie Satan he stands up, you hear that bastard yell
The Thuds are coming in.

(47)

THE LITTLE BIRD

There once was a bird, no bigger than a turd
A sittin' on a telegraph pole
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a peck
As he puckered up his little ass hole
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little ass hole.

(48)

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live all alone
I work at the weaver's trade
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to woo a fair young miad.
I wooed her in the summer time
Part of the winter too,
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside
As I lay fast asleep,

(48) Cont'd

This pretty, pretty maid
Knelt by my bedside
And there she began to weep.
She wept, she cried
She damn near died
Alas, what could I do
So I took her into bed
And covered up her head
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year has gone by
Still a bachelor am I
And I work at the weaver's trade
Comes a-knocking at my door
It's a voice I've heard before,
It's the voice of the fair young maid.
She handed me a little one
She said, "What can I do?"
So I took him into bed
Just to cover up his head
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son.
We work at the weaver's trade,
And every, every time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the winter time,
Part of the summer too,
Of the many, many times that I gazed into her eyes
To shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

(49)

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't anymore,
A lady came in, she asked for a hat
I asked her what kind she adored
Felt she said, so felt her I did
I did, but I don't work there anymore.

Cake - Layer
Lamp - Floor
Food - Pet
Birds - Love
Glue - Paste

Scarf - Neck
Cream - Massage
Girdle - Rubber
Razor - Injector

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain he rides in the gig
It don't go a damn bit faster,
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

CHORUS:

Singing toraly, toraly, toraly A
Toraly, toraly A
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

~~The sexual life of a camel~~
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the sphinx

Now the sphinx's posterior organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the jump on the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation,
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
Cannot be buggered at all.

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
Do like the boys at Yale
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams
And here's to the streets that they roam
And here's to their dirty faced bastards
God bless them, they may be our own.

Here's to old fort Massachusetts
And here's to the old Mohawk trail
And here's to those Indian maidens
They gave us our first piece of tail.

INTO THE AIR 69ERS

Into the air 69ers, into the air upside down
Into the air 69ers, set your sights and let's go down,
We'll all go down.

And when we see those bastard Commies
And when we make them shit a pound,
You can bet those 69ers, are all going down.

Into the air 69ers, on to your back "soisante-neuf"
We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers,
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof
And when you see those "golf balls" flying,
And the flak begins to blast,
You can bet the 69ers
Will bite 'em in the ass!

TING-A-LING

Beside a Laotian waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Thunderchief
A young pursuitor lay.

His parachute hung from a tree,
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young pursuitor said:

I'm going to a better land
Where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
There's poker every night.
There's not a fucking thing to do
But sit around and sing
Were girls are really women
Oh, death where is thy sting.

Oh, death were is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The balls of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me... so:

Ting-a-ling-aling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass.
Ting-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming bye and bye.

BANG IT INTO LULU

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
My girl works in a knockin' shop
With forty other whores.

CHORUS:

Bang it into Lulu
Bang it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a pisspot
Under Lulu's bed
Every time she stooped to pee
I'd see her maidenhead.

Wish I was a finger
On Lulu's little hand
Every time she wiped her ass
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a rock
She couldn't call it Lulu
Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby
She named it Sonny Jim
She threw it in the pisspot
To teach it how to swim

Last time I saw Lulu
I haven't see her since
She was suckin' off a tiger
Through a barbed wire fence.

IN-FLIGHT REFUELING

Tune: Strawberry Roan

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea
And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

Oh we took off for Brown, oh so early one morn
The weather was balmy, but not really warm
We soon left the coastline, and headed to sea
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore
Where there was supposed to be tankers at hand.

But yes, you have guess it, no one was there
Northing around, but ocean and air
We called and we called, but it was in vain
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane.

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas,
The pain was beginning to leave my ass,
T'was beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue
When finally a tanker came into view.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch
We just latched onto, that son of a bitch
Who ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing,
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more,
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore,
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low,
I backed off again, and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work,
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk,
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow,
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed.
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool.

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose,
The engineer said, "Sir, you're taking on fuel",
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool.

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas,
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin,
"You know there are days, sir, when you just can't win".

(54) Cont'd

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say,
That old F-105 lies out in the bay,
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet your life,
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

(55)

LETS HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go round
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
So lets have a party.

RAY - SHIT HOT

We're going to tear down the bar in our club
We're going build us a NEW bar

BOO
RAY

It's gonna be a foot wide
But it'll be a mile long

BOO
RAY

There'll be no bartenders in our bar
We're gonna have BARMAIDS

BOO
RAY

Our barmaids will wear long dresses
Made out of CELLOPHANE

BOO
RAY

You can't take our barmaids home
They'll take YOU home

BOO
RAY

You can't sleep with our barmaids
They won't let you sleep

BOO
RAY

Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass
Whiskey free

BOO
RAY

Only one to a customer
Served in buckets

BOO
RAY

We're gonna throw all the beer in the river
Then we'll all go swimming

BOO
RAY

No girls allowed above the first floor
With their clothes on

BOO
RAY

There'll be no loving on the dancing floor
And no dancing on the LOVING floor

BOO
RAY

SHANTY TOWN

There's a shanty in the town on a little plot of ground
 With the green grass growin' all around, all around
 The roof's so worn so badly torn that it tumbles to the ground
 Just a tumble down shack and it's built way back
 'Bout twenty-five feet from the railroad track
 Lingers on my mind most all of the time
 Keeps calling me back to my little grass shack.

I'd be just as sassy as Haile Salassie
 If I were a king wouldn't mean a thing
 Put my boots on tall, read the writing on the wall,
 And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a Goddamn thing
 There's a queen waiting there in a rocking chair
 Just blowing her top on Gaitors beer
 I'm looking all around, and trucking on down
 'Cause I gotta get back to my shanty town.

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A pilot told me before he died
 And I don't think the bastard lied
 That he had a girl with a cunt so wide
 That she could never be satisfied.

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel
 Two brass balls and a prick made of steel
 The two brass balls were filled with cream
 And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
 In and out went the prick of steel
 Until at least that maiden cried
 Enough, enough, I'm satisfied.

Now we come to the bitter bit
 There was no way of stopping it
 She was split from her ass to her tit
 And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP

Not a soul down on the corner
It's a pretty certain sign
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

All the boys are singing love songs
They've forgot Sweet Adeline
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

There goes Jack, there goes Jill
Down through lovers lane
Now and then, we meet again
But they don't seem the same.

Gee I get that lonesome feeling
When I hear those church bells chime
Those wedding bells are breaking up
That old gang of mine.

ACE IN THE HOLE

Oh, the world is full of guys, who think they're might wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can seem them night and day, strolling up and down Broadway
Telling of the things that they can do
Oh there are wise men and they are boozers
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang around
 the Metropole
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do they get those dollars
They all have that ace down in the hole.

Some of them write to the old folks, for coin
That's their old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the old tender-loin
That's their old ace in the hole
They'll tell you of places that they're going to see
From Frisco to the old north pole
But their name would be mud, like a chump playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when they had it through
They thought they had a ship, that the water would never come through,
But the Lord almighty's hand, said the ship would never land,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

CHORUS:

Oh it was sad, oh, it was sad
It was sad when that great ship went down
To the bottom of the
Husbands and wives, ittie bittie children lost their lives
It was sad when that great ship went down.

T'was on a Tuesday morn, they were nearing England's shore
And the rich refused to associate with the poor,
So they put the poor below where they were the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

They were nearing England's shore and were heading for the dock
When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock
Oh the captain tried to wire, but the wire was on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Then the ship began to list, and the lights began to flicker
And a drunk cried out, my God where is my likker,
So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

They swung the lifeboats out, o'er the dark and stormy sea,
And the band struck up with "Nearer my God to Thee"
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side
It was sad when that great ship went down.

SAMMY SMALL (S E A STYLE)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots
Fuck 'em all
Oh we fly the God damn plane
Through the flak and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So fuck 'em all

(61) Cont'd

Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Fuck 'em all
Oh they tell us not to think
Just to dive and just to jink
L. B. J. 's a God damn fink
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Fuck 'em all
Oh we bombed MuGia Pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we're on a J. C. S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh we're on a J. C. S.
Fuck 'em all
Oh they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we lost our fucking way
Fuck 'em all
Oh we straffed God damn Hanoi
Killed every fuckin' girl and boy
What a God damn fucking joy
So fuck 'em all.

Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird got all shot up
Fuck 'em all
Oh my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that its shit hot,
So fuck 'em all.

While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Fuck 'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root
So fuck 'em all.

(62)

BATTLE HYMN

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah. Glory,
Glory Hallelujah.

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck.

(62) Cont'd

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground.

(63)

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, dear Lord
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
Well, I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
O'er land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

(64)

MARY ANN BURNS

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits
She's a great big son-of-a-bit ch twice as big as me
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane, drive a truck,
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

(65)

AIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At 'em boys, give her the gun.
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one hell of a roar,
We live in fame, or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the U. S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The vastness of the sky,

(65) Cont'd

To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold,
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
The U. S. Air Force.

(66)

THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

It was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all,
Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots shouted "balls".
When up stepped a young Lieutenant
With a voice as harsh as brass
"YOU CAN TAKE THOSE DAM SABRES JETS
AND SHOVE 'EM UP YOUR ASS"

Chorus:

Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah, throw a nickle on the grass,
Save a fighter pilots ass,
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah, throw a nickle on the grass
And you'll be saved.

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per
There came a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me, sir,
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my ass.

I shoot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The airspeed read one-twenty, my God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder, the engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please.

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left wing hit the ground,
There came a call from the tower, pull up and go around,
I racked that Sabres in the air a dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear came through the floor.

Split S'ed on to my bomb run, I got too goddamn low
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go,
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe back ack"
But by the time I got there, my wings were holed by flak,
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I'm too young to die.

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing was top line
With my E and E quipment, I made for our front line
When I opened my ration tin, to see what was in it
The Goddamn Quartermaster, had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin of shit,
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for breakfast till I die.

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there.

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot,
They brag about the "Bluetails", that they've so often shot
One thing they don't remember, when they all holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot.

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our next TDY.

I started on my takeoff, I thought the flaps were down,
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scrapped the ground
The Colonel he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun
But then I met the F. E. B., Chitose here I come.

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast,
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last,
They sent our old instructors, to teach us all their tricks
So now we're flying training, behind those dirty pricks.

Letting down from forty-four, busting through the mach
That Sabre jet was moving now, falling like a rock,

(66) Cont'd

My boom was aimed right at the field, there was an awful sound
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting on the ground.

I started up into a loop, I thought that I was clear,
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought the end was near
I went before the F.E. B., and they gave me the works,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks.

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low,
There came a call from Melrose, "One more and home you go"
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see my mother, when the works all done this fall.

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near,
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse.

(67)

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings till I got the goddamned things
Now I don't want them anymore
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me off to die
I've had a belly full of war.
You can save those bloody Zero's, for the goddamn heros
Distinguished flying crosses, do not compensate for losses, Buster.

Chorus:

I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things
Now I don't want them anymore.

I'll take the dames, while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned
Air combat spells romance, but it makes me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter pilot I have learned.
You can save those Mitsubi's, for those other sons-of-bitches,
Cause I'd rather lay a woman that be shot down in a Grumman, Buster.

Now I'm too young to die in a lousy PBY
That's for the eager not for me
I won't trust to luck, to be picked up by a duck
After I've crashed into the sea
Cause I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat top
With my hand around a bottle not a goddman throttle, Buster.

(67) Contd

Now I don't care to tour, over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me park my lunch
I get no hey, when they holler "bombs away"
I'd rather be at home with the bunch.
For there's one thing you can't laugh off,
And that's when they shoot your ass off
For I'd rather be home with my ass than a cluster, Buster.

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow
On dehydrated eggs and milk and stew
What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating sex
And that's when I'll tell the coach I'm through,
For I dearly love my humpin', and I'd love to do some pumpin'
But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with lumps of power,
Buster.

Now the day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke one for my guts
They make them by the tons, but I haven't got a one
Oh what I'd give to have a butt,
Now the home front be pitching, but I still will do my bitching,
Till I find some real sharp cookie, who can mass produce some
nookie, Buster.

(68)

JOY TO THE WORLD

Joy to the world, the bombs will come
Let's all go join the fun
The bridges, dams and power plants
The schools, the kids, and even ants
Will know the awesome sound
Of bombs hitting the ground
They'll shiver, they'll quiver
Gee, war is fun.

(69)

JINGLE BELLS

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrot one-of-five
Flying thru the flak, never looking back
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMS are called away
Oh what fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today.

(69) Cont'd

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
Oh what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day.

CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you.

70

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

Oh little town of Ho Chi Men
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA2's
You think the Fives won't fly.
Yet thru the cloud dect raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is near
How about that One-O-Five.

(71)

KOTEX SONG

Tune: Caissons Go Rolling Along

You can tell by the smell, she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around
For it's hi, hi, hee, in the Kotex industry
Call out your sizes loud and strong
Super-Junior-Band-aid
For where 'ere you go, the blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around.

(72)

WHEN THE ICE IS ON THE RICE

When the ice is on the rice in old Chitose
And the saki in the celler starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponese.

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier
An old used condom and a glass of beer,
A twat that twitches like a moose's ear
These are the things I love.

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody kotex in the rumble seat
There are the things I love.

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master he was kind to her, her mistress was the same,
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
And he was the cause of all her misery.

Chorus:

Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do.

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead,
And she like a shy girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm.

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say,
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done,
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air".

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a pilot and inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly,
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by.

Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do.

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

Oh, I want to play piano in a whore house
 That is my one desire
 Some people may be bankers
 Or farmers out in Butte
 I just want to play in a house of ill repute.

Now you may think this strange, my advocacy
 But cardinal copulation's here to stay,
 I don't want fame or riches
 I want to play for those old bitches
 I want to play piano in a whore house.

KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

Tune: Cigareets and Saki

Once I was happy and had a good deal
 Flex Fox-eighty-sizes at old Victorville
 They asked for a volunteer, said, "I'll take you"
 The next thing I knew, I was stuck in Taegu.

Chorus:

Kuni-ri and Antung and wild wild pyong-yang,
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
 Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
 They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

We go to the briefing while it is still night
 We lift off the runway before it is light
 We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
 We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, the sun's overhead
 We think of the wheels who are snug in their beds,
 We drop our big tips and we break to the right,
 Bingo we cry with all of our might.

We turn on 280, we're up in the soup
 We swear that the leader is doing a loop,
 Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
 Be careful or Willie will write about you.

On the Chosen is frozen and all wet with ice,
 From thirty-five thousand she looks mighty nice,
 But ask a foot soldier and he'll set your plum straight
 It's covered with Red's blood imbedded with hate.

(75) Cont'd

Oh the MIG is a blot on the whole human race,
A man is a monkey to give a chase,
Here's my description, take warning dear brother,
There's fire on one end, but cannons on t'other.

Went up to MIG alley, S-2 said "no sweat"
If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MIGs jumped our ass, and the leader yelled "break"
Got back to K-10, how my knees they did shake.

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it, my ass is too sore,
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care,
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track
They said, "There's no sweat 'cause there ain't any flak"
But the guns from that place would make day out of night
Oh God how I wish all I did was dog fight.

Oh it's up to the Yalu in my flying machine
The Sui-ho reservoir is plainly seen
But MIGs out of Antung send sweat down my back
So I head for Kanggye and get shot down by flak.

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed - what a sound
A kick in the ass, soon I'm floating towards ground,
I showed them my blood chit, they said "No sweat Mac"
They hand me an A frame, now I'm walking back.

(76)

PUFF

Puff the tragic wagon
Came across the sea
Conceited turds in gooney birds
They came to kill VC

The VC shook in terror
When they appeared
The mini ones with mini guns
A sticking out their rear.

Puff the tragic wagon
At DaNang by the sea
Though Finkelman is number one
His waist is 63.

(76) Cont'd

The FC-47
Flies all afternoon
Half a day of boredom in
A silly fucking goon.

(77)

THE CUCKOO SONG

Now the cuckoo is a strange bird
It sits on the grass
With it's wings neatly folded
And it's beak up it's ass

(78)

IT'S TRAGIC

You smile your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut
It's tragic.
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair,
It's tragic.
It takes one look to know you have no charms
Your're just a gob of bones with long surrounding arms,
Your eyes are big and round
There's one blue and one that's brown
It's tragic
You part your hair in place
And it keeps sliding down your face,
It's tragic.
And as I tell myself
These things that happen are not really true
Yet in my hear I know, the tragedy is really you.

(79)

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tune: March of the Toy Soldiers

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro
Can you tie them in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a European soldier
Do your balls hang low.

In days of old when knights were bold
They shit in their britches

(79) Cont'd

They wiped their ass with broken glass
Those tough old sons of bitches.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women wore mere trifles
They hung their balls upon the walls
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't particular
They bound them up against the wall,
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold
They wore all leather britches
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks
And yelled like sons of bitches.

(80)

LITTLE RED HEAVEN

Tune: My Blue Heaven

A turn to the right, a little red light
Will lead you to my red heaven,
You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase,
A form divine,
Just a little old whore who's been screwed before
A thousand times.
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three
We're careful in our red heaven.

(81)

JOLLY, JOLLY BANGKOK

I don't want to be a pilot
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Jolly Bangkok on the ground
Living off the earnings of my high priced lady.
Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday success, I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemise I did see.
Now Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday she gave my balls a twitch,

(81) Cont'd

But it was Sunday after supper
I rammed the old boy up her
And now she earns me fifty Baht a week.
I don't want to be a pilot
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Jolly Bangkok on the ground
Living off the earnings of my high priced lady.
I don't want a bullet up my asshole
I don't want my buttocks shot away
I just want to stay in Bangkok
Jolly, jolly Bangkok
And fornicate my bloody life away.

(82)

WHEN THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY

Tune: My Home in Indiana

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor
And the 85s start puffing round Kep Bay
You will know your target's just beyond that mountain
And you wonder if the MIGS will come to play.

Oh you reach your pull up point and start your pop up
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,
You see the bridge as you start to roll in
And you wonder if the MIGs will come out to play.

You've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running
Jinking hard you're on your merry way
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges
You wonder if the MIGs will come out to play.

You've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly
The fuel is low but not too bad you say,
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy
If only the MIGs don't come out to play.

Your climbing now and starting to rest easy
A drink of water helps you on your way
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know
The MIGs have fi-nal-ly come out to play.

Your burners in your diving down, your running
But his overtake is far too much today
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin
You wish the MIGs just hadn't come to play.

DOODLE-LEE-DOO

Please sing to me that sweet melody
 Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo,
 I like the rest but the part I like best
 Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo,
 Simplest thing, there isn't much to it
 All you go to do is doodle-lee-doo it
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

Two little lovers, under the covers
 What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo,
 I would suggest that they should undress
 And doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.
 Cherries are red, ready for picking
 I'm sixteen and I'm ready for highschool
 I love it so, wherever I go,
 I doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

Please do to me what you did to Marie
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night
 It must have been real, 'cause I heard Marie squeal
 Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
 Don't know what, what you were doing
 Somebody said you were doodle-lee-dooing
 I love it so, wherever I go
 I doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show
 Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
 She made a hit just playing her bit
 In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo
 Twenty-four hours, that's all there was to it
 How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it
 Got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice
 But doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo.

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time
 In the vilest way that you know
 To the best things in life
 I am utterly oblivious
 Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious

(84) Cont'd

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know-
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no mercy bestow.
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.

(85)

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Prelude:

There was a ball, a bloody great ball, the ball of Kerrie Muir,
Four and twenty prostitutes shagging on the moor
Oh the king was in his country house, counting out his wealth
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself.

Chorus:

Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo.

Oh the birde was in the bedroom explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot in her cunt.

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

Oh the parson's daughter she was there, she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantle piece, and landing on her tits.

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats,
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats.

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks
You could na hear the music for the slushing of the pricks.

Oh the village blacksmith he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls.

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You could na see the carpets for the come and curly hairs.

The village idiot he was there, the bugger would na dance
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance.

(85) Cont'd

The burly Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores.

The village cripple he was there, he couldn't do very much
So he laid them on the carpet and fucked them with his crutch.

The chimneysweep he was there, we had to put him out
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot.

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box.

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best.

(86)

LYDIA PINKHAM

Chorus:

Oh, we sing, we sing, we sing, of Lydia Pinkham, Pinkham, Pinkham
And her love for the human race
A wonderful compound, a dollar a bottle
And every lable bears her face.

Now Mrs. Murphy, had husband trouble
She did not like to fiddle-de-dee
But after taking a bottle of compound
They had to tie her to a tree.

Now Mrs. Murphy had baby trouble
She could not have a baby dear
But she took a bottle of compound
Now she has them twice a year.

Now Mrs. Murphy had titty trouble
To feed her baby she knew not how
But after taking a bottle of compound
They had to milk her like a cow.

Now Mrs. Murphy had kidney trouble
In the morning she could not pee
But after taking a bottle of compound
They had to pipe her out to sea.

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

T'was on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us,
The figurehead was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampart penis.

Chorus:

Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do.

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another.

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ.

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy.

The midshipman's name was Nipper, he was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper.

The Captain's wife was Mable, whenever she was able
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table.

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her sexual quarter.

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places.

So drunk with exaultation, we reached our China station
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masterbation.

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down,
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

(88) Cont'd

Chorus:

Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey day
With Lilly, my blackout queen.

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her anyplace
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark burnette
But gosh oh gee, did she give me, a thrill I won't forget.

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy, are you lonesome, are you blue
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do
We went up some dark alley, I said, I love you kid,
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid.

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms
She gave to me very all, and all her buxom charms
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat,
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat.

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed,
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed,
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice
What she did for twenty quid, was cheaper at half the price.

(89)

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES

Tune: Coffee in Brazil

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater
Though she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

Her pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russells
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beer
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

So round---so firm---and so fully packed
You'll find it's really just an act
Give a girl a Balli bra and she will grow---grow---grow.

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

(89) Cont'd

So fellows 'fore you wed her, please investigate her sweater,
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

(90)

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

To the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie dwells
To the dear old Temple bar we love so well
Sit the whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised up high
And the magic of their singing casts a spell
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well
"Shall I Wasting" and "Mavourneen" and the rest
We serenade our Louie
While life and voice shall last
And in passing be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little jocks who have lost our way
Baa, baa, baa
We are little black sheep who have gone astray
Baa, baa, baa
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
Lord have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa.

(91)

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, dear Lord
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
Well, I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
O'er land or sea or foam
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my habitual abode
I'm fatigued and I wish to retire
Well, I had a short snort an hour ago
And it went right to my celeberrum

(91) Cont'd

Wherever I may perambulate
O'er land or sea or real estate
You can always here me articulate this melody
Indicate the way to my abode.

(92)

I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl, yes I do, deed I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her tits, tiddly tits, tiddly tits
And her nut brown ass hole
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, slurp, slurp
With a wooden spoon.

(93)

IVAN SKAVINSKI SKAVAR

Oh the harems of Egypt are fair to behold
And the maidens the fairest of fair
The fairest, a Greek, was owned by a shiek
One Abdul Abbulbal Amer

A traveling brothel was brought into town
By a Russian who came from afar
And a challenge went wide, as to who could outride
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar.
So this spectacle great was all set for a date
T'was to be refereed by the Czar
And the streets were all lined to see harlots entwined
With Abdul and Ivan Skavar;

They met at the track with their tools hanging slack
And the starter's gun punctured the air
They were quick on the rise, people gasped at the size
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

The cunts were all shorn and no rubbers were worn
And Abdul revved up like a car
But he hadn't a hope against the long greasy stroke
Of Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

(93) Cont'd

Now when Ivan had won and was cleaning his gun
He bent down to pick up his pair
When something red hot, up his rear track was shot
And Abdul the bastard was there.

Then the harlots all screamed and the people yelled Queen
They were ordered apart by the Czar
But so fast were they stuck, it was fucking bad luck
For Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

The cream of the joke when at last they were broken
It was laughed at for years by the Czar
For Abdul, the fool had left half of his tool
In Ivan Skavinski Skavar.

(94)

CHICKEN SONG

We had some chickens
No eggs would they lay
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
My wife said, "Honey, it strikes me funny
We're loosing money", no eggs would they lay.
One day a rooster flew into our yard
And caught those chickens right off their guard
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.

(95)

THE ACCIDENT INVESTIGATOR'S LAMENT

Tune: I Don't Know Why

I don't know why your airplane didn't fly
I don't know why but its true,
I don't know why your airplane didn't fly
There's nothing that you can do
The engine stopped a churning
The damned thing just fell
With the ass end burning
I don't know why your airplane didn't fly
I don't know why she just do.

I don't know why your lanyard didn't pull
I don't know why but its true,

(95) Cont'd

I don't know know why your lanyard didn't work
There's nothing that you could do
As you fell in a panic
The damned thing should of opened
Au--to--ma--tic
I don't know why your lanyard didn't pull
I don't know why she just do.

I don't know why your dingy didn't work
I don't know why but its true
I don't know why your dingy didn't float
There's nothing that you could do
Below you the Cobras were hissing
Though you reached for the handle
The damned thing was missing
I don't know why your dingy didn't work
I don't know why she just do.

I know why your airplane hit the ground
I know why and its true
I know why your airplane hit the ground
There's something that you could do
The airplane just spun about
After McCurdy
Had stepped out
I know why your airplane hit the ground
It was because of you.

(96)

HELP, HELP, HELP

Tune: Whiffenpoof Song

From a hootch in Southeast Asia
To the place where aces dwell
To the strip club down at Luke we knew so well

Sing the fighter jocks assembled
With their glasses held on high
In a toast unto a comrad who just fell

Sing the fighter jocks assembled
With their glasses raised up high
Sing they poorly, not to clearly, loud as well.

We throw our glasses wildly
And throw our bombs as well
And the brass at 7AF can go to hell.

(96) Cont'd

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost our way
Help, help, help
We flew to the town of Hanoi today,
Help, help, help
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue
Lead got zapped by a SA-2
Lets haul ass or they'll zapp us too
A-----B-----now.

(97)

THE HO-CHI-MIHN TRAIL

Tune: Along the Navaho Trail

Everyday along about sunrise
When the sky line is beginning to pale
I load six seven-fifties
And fly the Ho-Chi-Mihn Trail.

I hate to see the flak a bursting around me
I shiver when I think about it's sting
But over yonder hill the SAMs are rising
They always seem to yank my pucker string.

Well what do you know it's Bingo already
And Two hundred's the course that I sail
Tomorro I'll load some more seven-fifties
And fly the Ho-Chi-Mihn Trail.

(98)

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE

Tune: Chisolm Trail

Reached in my pocket, pulled out apenny
She said, boy you can't have any.

Chorus:

Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree
Come and tie my root around a tree.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickle
She said, for that you don't even get a tickle.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dine
She said, young man you're wasting your time.

(98) Cont'd

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter
She said that she was a preacher's daughter.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half
She said, young man you make me laugh.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was wiggle her tits.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck
She said, young man you've bought a fuck.

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink
Oh my gosh, how her pussy did stink.

Fucked her sitting, fucked her lyin'
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flying.

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw
Fifteen crabs and a big blue ball

I went to the doctor, cause my pecker was sore
My god said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see I'm a peckerless man
I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can

Now the last time I saw her, and I ain't seen her since
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence.

(99)

I SAW HER SNATCH

I saw her snatch her satchel from the window
I held her for a moment in the rain
I kissed her as she hurried to the station
To see her brother 'Jack off' the train.

(100)

KATHUSELEM

In ancient days there lived a maid
Who used to ply a filthy trade
A prostitute of ill repute
The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem
Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare
Upon her gash there grew no hair
For hair won't grow on a thorofare
Like the snatch of old Kathuselem.

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red
For forty years it had not bled
It smelled as though it had been dead
Since the founding of Jeruselem.

Now Kathuselem was a wiley witch
A god damn fucking son of a bitch
And every pecker that had the itch
Had dangled in Kathuselem.

Next door there lived a giant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basketballs
The giant of old Jeruselem.

One night returning from a spree
A quite consistant jubilee
His balls hung well below his knee
He chanced across Kathuselem.

And so he challanged her to fuck
And wishing her the best of luck
He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook.

He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook
For forty yards it throbbed and shook
The walls of old Jeruselem.

The giant of old was underslung
He missed her cunt and hit her bung
And with his giant pecker stung
The pride of all Jeruselem.

Kathuselem she knew her art
She cocked her ass and blew a fart
She blew him like a bloody dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselem.

And there he lay a borken mass
His cock all bent with shit and gas
And Kathuselem got up and wiped her ass
All over the walls of Jeruselem.

NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, the place is full of queers, navigators, bombadiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce
The autopilot's on, he's reading sex books in the john
Oh, the bomber pilots life is just a farce.

Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh, the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged, and his women over-aged
Oh, the bomber pilots never takes a dare.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting round on their fat ass
Oh, there are no fighter pilots up in wing.

When a bomber pilot walks into our club
When a bomber pilot walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
He just sits and flubs his dub
When a bomber pilot walks into our club.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in hell
They're all up above, drinking whiskey, making love
Oh, there are not fighter pilots down in hell

Hey, look at the (unit) in this club
Hey, look at the (unit) in this club
They don't party, they don't sing
44th does everything
Hey, look at the (unit) in this club

RED NOSE MIGS (Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh, the red nose MIG's are coming
And they want to fight
Let's hurry, hurry, hurry home
Oh, a Sabre in sight

(103)

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wingman, he'll never come back
For flying is pleasure, and dying is grief
And a quick triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you, and take all you save
But a quick triggered Commie, will send you to the grave
And the grave will destroy you, and turn you to dust
Not one MIG in a thousand a Sabre Jet can trust.

Now when the bad weather, keeps the ships down
All day we can hear, this horrible sound
They'll have a short meeting, that you dare not miss
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the group
Whatever they tell you, is superfluous poop.

(104)

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
I lost my jet pilot, from flying too low
He put on an air show, he did it for me
On top of Mt. Fuji, he clobbered a tree
With throttle wide open, he made his last pass
At altitude zero, he busted his ass.

(105)

MIG-15 (Tune: I T'ought I Saw a Pussycat)

I t'ought I saw a MIG-15, a tweeping up on me
I did, I did, I saw him, as big as he could be
I am that treat big MIG-15, Ivan is my name
And if I catch that 84, I'll shoot him down in flame.

(106)

OUR BABY

Our baby died last night,
She died of suicide
I think she died to spite us
Of spinal meningitis
She was a nasty baby anyhow
We ate her _____ Yum, Yum.

TAEGU GIRLS

We are from Taegu, Taegu are we
We don't believe in virginity - Oh horse--shit!
We don't use candles we use broom handles
We are the Taegu girls.

And every night at twelve on the clock
We watch the white man piss on the ROK
We like the way he handles his cock
We are the Taegu girls

And every year at our annual dance
We go around without any pants
We like to give those pilots a chance
We are the Taegu girls.

TO THE REGULARS (Tune: Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget Kore
I can't forget Kunsan
For Syngman Rhee and Joe Stalin
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bomblines
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you, and you, and you.

Chorus: Oh I was called to risk my ass
And save the UN too
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you, and you, and you.

The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest.
While the regulars held their desk jobs
The reserves were called in mass
For the UN knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass.

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never had to part.

But we won't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regulars'll come
And we can all go home.

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our Congressmen
Have had forties up their ass.
We have to fight to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
You'll find no senators dead.

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is over
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories too
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the air reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve.

THE CAMEL

The crew they all ride in the dory
The captain he rides in the gig
It don't go a damn bit faster
But it makes the old bastard feel big

Chorus: Singing toraly, toraly, toraly,
 A toraly, toraly A
 It don't go a damn bit faster
 But it makes the old bastard feel big.

The sexual life of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks
In moments of amorous passion
He often makes love to the Sphinx.

How the sphinx's posterier organs
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

(112)

OH, RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

Oh, rip the feathers away, away
Oh, rip the feathers away
Oh, the ass of a duck
Makes a wonderful fuck
If you rip the feathers away.

(113)

ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Ass holes are cheap today
Cheaper than yesterday
Little boys cost half a crown
Standing up or lying down.
Larger boys cost seven and six
Cause they take bigger pricks
Ass holes are cheap today
Are cheap today.

(114)

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction
Full of Brandy and full of Wine
The topic of conversation was
Your cunt's no bigger than mine.

Chorus: Roly, roly, tickle hoely
 Slippery slimey slue
 Rattle your nuts across my guts
 I'm one of the worse crew.

The first old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the air
They birds fly in and birds fly out
And never touch a hair.

The second old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the moon
A man went in in January
And didn't come out till June.

The third old whore got up and said
Man you're all talking balls
Cause when I have my periods
It's like Niagra Falls.

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
 Beside his shattered Saber Jet, a young pursuiter lay
 His parachute hung from a tree, he was not yet quite dead
 So listen to the very last words, this young pursuiter said.

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
 Where whiskey flows from telephone poles, play poker every night
 We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
 And all our crews are women, oh death where is they sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling,
 Oh death where is thy sting
 The bells of hell may ring, ting-a-ling
 For you but not for me.

Oh, ting-a-ling-a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
 Ting-a-ling, a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
 Ting-a-ling, a-ling, ling, blow it out your ass
 Better days are coming bye and bye.

NO BALLS AT ALL

There once was a girl named Sara McFox
 With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
 She married a man named Patrick McCall
 With a very short peter and no balls at all.

Chorus: No balls at all
 No balls at all
 A very short peter
 And no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed
 They took all their clothes off and went straight to bed
 She reached for his pecker, it was very small
 She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Now mother, dear mother, oh what shall I do
 I've married a man who never can screw
 I've reached for his pecker, it was very small
 I've reached for his balls, he had no balls at all.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, don't be sad
 It was the same trouble I had with your dad,

(116) Cont'd

The daughter went home, took her mother's advice
And found the results most exceedingly nice
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

(117)

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS
(Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game)

Parties, banquets and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls,
As President Johnson has said before
There's only one way to stay out of war
That's with parties banquets and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls.
We'll have parties and banquets and
Banquets and parties
And Balls, balls, Balls.

(118)

PLEASE DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN

Please don't burn the shithouse down
Mother has promised to pay
Mother is drunk, father's in jail
Sister's in a family way
Brother dear is mighty queer
Times are fucking hard
So please don't burn the shithouse down
Or we'll all have to shit in the yard.

(119)

A BABBLING BROOK

A babbling brook, a shady nook, a girl all dressed in yellow
Two snow white tits, two ruby lips, oh you lucky fellow
Between the hours of two and four when he began to linger
She said, "Young man if you are through, I'll finish with my finger.
So he got up and took a piss, and she got up and farted
He wiped his jock upon her sock, and that is how they parted.
Nine days went by, he heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
The pimples pink were on his dink but there'll be more tomorrow.
Nine months went by and she heaved a sigh, a sigh of pain and sorrow
Two little mutts were in her guts but they'll be out tomorrow.

NELLY DARLING

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly Darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
You are the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen.

There's a yard of lip protruding from your navel
And when you piss, you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass.

PADDY MURPHY

Have you ever been down in an Irishman's shanty
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch
And a string on the door instead of a latch
Now there were ice picks and toothpicks
And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream
The girls were drinking kerosene

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget
The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet.
Now the night that Paddy Murphy died, they came from far and near
They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in their beer.

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how we showed our honor and our pride
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died.

STREET CLEANER SONG (Tune: Carolina in the Morning)

Nothing could be meaner
Than to be a street cleaner
In the morning
Nothing makes your bluer
Than to pick up horse manure
In the morning.

When the horses unload
That's what I really hate
Cleaning up horse manure
From four A. M. till eight

(122) Cont'd

Strolling with my pushcart
When the breezes smell like cheezes
In the morning.

There's nothing more I fear
Than a horse with diarrhea
In the morning.
Why can't they drop those little balls
That don't stick to my overalls
In the morning.
If I had Alladan's Lamp for only a day
I would make a wish or two
And here's what I'd say
I wish they put glasses
All round those horses asses
In the morning.

(123)

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me to solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet should stall
You're in for one hell of a fall
No lillys or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants
The sour puss ones
Bless all the Corporals and their dopey sons
Cause we're saying good-bye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here, bless 'em all.

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind.

Chorus: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh come and join the Air Force and you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a General you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will never mind.

And when you loop and sign her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angles sweet, but you will never mind.

You're flying over the ocean, you hear the engine quit,
You see your prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind.

I fly up to the Yalu, in my F-86
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and get.

Oh, someday you'll meet a MIG-15 he'll shoot you down in flames
No used to belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angles sweet, but you will never mind.

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads and we don't give a damn
About the grounding points of view and all that shot of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind.

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn
About those paper shufflin types with heads just like a ham
We want a hundred planes or so all ready on the line
And they can pad those swivel chairs and we will never mind.

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're in the admin mire
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find
With noses in place, don't mean on the face, you will never mind.

(125)

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

By the ring around his eyeball you can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the spread upon his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants, books and such
You can tell a fighter pilot BUT YOU CANNOT TELL HIM MUCH.

(126)

ITAZUKE TOWER

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rust of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gits me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on my downwind leg, my prop has orverrun
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better get the crash crew out, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801 this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew out, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it once around again, your not a VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on my downwind leg, I see your bisquit gun
My engine's running ragged and the collant's gonna blow
I'm going to prang a mustang so look out below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgement day.

Air Force 801 this is judgement day
You're in pilots heaven and you are here to stay
You just bought a mustang and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell.

(127)

DIRTY LIL

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil
Lives on top of garbbage hill
Never washes
Never will
Ach, Tui, Dirty Lil

(128)

OLD GRAY BUSTLE (Tune: Old Gray Bonnet)

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over
If you can't get five take two.

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your Auntie's
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now there's no use ducking cause you're gonna get a fucking
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit for ce it
For the fleet is coming in today
As the bees make honey let your ass make money
In the good old fashioned way.

Put on that old blue ointment which is the crabs disappointment
And we'll kill those bastard where they lay
Tho' it scratches and it itches, it will kill those sons of bitches
In the good old fashioned way.

(129)

FLAK SHOWER.

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic that makes you say
My fuel is bingo, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight you may
Stay and fight alone.
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back someother day
So keep on trafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

(130)

THE LITTLE GREY RAT

Oh the pale moon shone on the barroom floor
The bar was closed for the night
Then out of his hole came the little grey rat
And he sat in the place in the moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you can hear him call
Bring on the Goddamn cat.

THE DUCHESS

Oh, the duchess, she was dressing
Dressing for the ball
When out the window
She did spy him
Pissing on the wall.

Chorus: With his little white kidney wiper
 And balls the size of these
 And half a yard of foreskin
 Hanging down below his knees
 Oh, hanging down
 Oh, hanging down
 With a half a yard of foreskin
 Hanging down below his knees.

So, she sent him a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you
Than my husband any day.

So, he mounted on his charger
And through the streets he did ride
With his balls slung o'er his shoulder
And his cock lashed to his side.

Oh, he road into the courtyard
He road into the hall
"My God!", cried the butler
"He's come to fuck us all"

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen
He fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked the butler
'Twas the dirtiest fuck of all

Then he mounted on his charger
And road into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter-pattering at his feet.

Oh, they say he's gone to Hades
They say he's down in hell
They say he fucks the devil
And I know he fucks him well.

EARLY ABORT (Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group
Just step into my briefing room, I'll give you all the poop
I'll tell you where the Commie is, and where the flak is black
I'll be the last one off the deck, I'll be the first one back.

Chorus: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
 Early abort, avoid the rush
 Oh, my name's Colonel _____, I'm the leader of the group

My name is Major _____, and I lead old liberty
And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do
Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do
But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
The pilots they are ready, but let the skipper shout
And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check-out"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing
Any night in the O Club you can hear how well they sing
With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanna go too
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do.

Oh, I fly the old Invader, and Douglas says it's great
But when it comes to fighting MIGs, those bastards just don't rate
I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
But when it comes to fighting MIGs I'll tell you what I'll do.

Now we'll all line up and take off, and set our course at ten
And when we reach the no return, we'll all turn back again
We'll call the tower and get a steer, we don't know where we've been
Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

Oh, we fly those bloody Sabre at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
We think we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north
And we make our bloody landfall at the First of bloody forth.

Oh we fly those bloody Sabres at a hundred bloody feet
We can fly them in the rain and fog, and in the bloody sleet
And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low
And we hit maker beacon such an awful bloody blow.

Now when this war is over and we're back in the USA
We'll fly the planes in all war games, and do what the Gnerals say
But if we have another war and they give us the '86
To hell with all the Generals staff, we won't get in that fix.

THE WEASEL BEARS' PICNIC

If you go up into the sky today
You will probably go alone.
If you go into a dive today
No bear will screech or moan.
For every bear that ever there was
Is on the ground for certain because,
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic
They all sit around the pool today
And steadily bitch and moan.

This lack of action in the skys
They barely can condone.
Assistant fighter pilots are they,
They feel like a horse whose put to hay.
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

Just put us back into the Thud they say
And our souls will be content.
Just put us into the skys to play,
A night BUF will pay the rent.
Please leave us no more down on the ground
Cause in the pool we almost did drown,
Today's the day the Weasel-Bears have their picnic.

Anon

THE GRUNT SONG

Chorus: I said where in the hell do you all come from
There's something I'd like to know
They live around the base and they take up all
the space I'd like to tell them all just where to go.

Well we came to old Korat in the year of 69
To stay and fight the war upon the front
They told us about the flak and sams and the natives too
But forget to warn us all about the grunt.

They beat you to the dining hall, they beat you to the bar,
You have to stand in line in the latrine
I don't know if they plan it all or leave it all to chance
But it makes the pilots think its mighty mean.

You see them at the swimming pool and at coffee all day long
And a lot of other things that I forgot
I think the devil hired em and sent em everyone
to really make it hell in old Korat.

We'll gamble you at poker or the'll gamble you at dice
I tell you men I think its getting worse
I asked them for the change to a twenty dollar bill
And the bastard almost hit me with his purse.

Oh KBA, Oh KBA

How still your bodies lie today
 With arms and legs thrown all around
 And entrails spilling on the ground
 Oh KBA, Oh KBA
 How many will we get today

Oh KBA, Oh KBA
 Raven Four-One will not say
 How many bodies still do lie
 Beneath the Barrel's monsoon sky
 Oh KBA, Oh KBA
 How many will we get today

Oh KBA, Oh KBA
 We have had one shit-hot day
 Four-hundred twenty fucking eight
 Our bombing runs were really great
 Oh KBA, Oh KBA
 How nice it is to kill for pay.

I Love My Bear

I love my Bear, Yes I do, Yes I do
 I love that asshole
 I love the scope that he looks into
 I love his blips, tiddely-ips, tiddely-ips
 and his little black boxes
 He'll fly until his ass is black and blue

(137) CRASH BURN & DIE

He was truning base to final when he got a little slow
He ignored the frantic warning of the friendly LSO
By the time he added power he was just a little low
He'll never fly home again

Chorus (2 Part)

Glory, Glory what a helluva way to die
Stall spin crash burn and die
Glory, Glory what a helluva way to die
Stall spin crash burn and die
Glory, Glory what a helluva way to die
Stall spin crash burn and die
He'll never fly home again

There were little bits of metal all around the navy base
And bloody pools of guts and gore to mark his resting place
He wears a mark 4 gunsight where he used to wear his face
He'll never fly home again.

Chorus

Ten thousand dollars from the navy to his wife
Ten thousand dollars from the navy to his wife
Lots more cash and a lot less family strife
He'll never fly home again

(138) LUPE

Twas down in cunt valley where red rivers flow
Where whore mongers flourish and cock suchers grow
Twas there I met Lupe the girl I adore
She's my hot fucking cocksucking Mexican whore

She got her first piece at the young age of eight
While swinging one day on the old garden gate
The cross bar went out and the upright went in
Ever since she has lived in a welter of sin

She'll fuck you she'll suck you she'll grow on your nuts
She'll wrap her legs around you and squeeze out your guts
She'll fuck you and suck you till you think you'll die
Oh I'd rather eat Lupe than blueberry pie

Oh Lupe dear Lupe lies dead in her tomb
The worms crawl out of her decomposed womb
But the smile on her face is a cute cry for more
She's my hot fucking cock sucking Mexican whore

NEELS

4200

SNEPPANO

DR.

All Around is Desolation

All around is desolation
 All around is woe and gloom
 Sister missed her mens
 Mother has a fallen womb

Sister Sue has been aborted
 for the fourty second time
 Brother Bill has been deported
 for a sodomistic crime

All around is desolation
 No one ever ever smiles
 And our only recreation
 is cracking rice for father's piles

Purple Twilight

We loop in the purple twilight
 We spin in the silvery dawn
 With black smoke trailing after
 to show where our comrads have gone.

So stand to your glasses ready
 don't let a tear fill your eye
 Here's to the dead already
 and Hurrah for the next man to die.

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
 busom buddies while boozing are we
 We are the boys that they send out to die
 busom buddies while boozing are we.

Up there at seventh they set and they shout
 Shout about things they know fuck all about
 But we are the boys that they send out to die
 busom buddies while boozing are we
 busom buddies while boozing are we.

Secret Love

Once I had a secret love
 that lived inside the heart of me
 When I tried to pay my love
 She said to you my love is free

When I asked her why her love was free
 She said Sealy's mattress sponsors me
 Last night we were on channel three
 And my secret love's no secret anymore.

I want to play piano in a whorehouse

Oh I want to play piano in a whore house
 that has always been my one desire
 Now you may be a miner, or a rancher out in Butte
 but I'd rather play piano in a house of ill reputé
 Please don't laugh at this my humble ovacation
 For capulation's here to stay
 I'd give up fame and riches
 just to play for those old bitches
 I want to play piano in a whore house

The Ballad of the Green Brassier

Let me tell you 'bout this girl
 She's a real Vietnam pearl
 She wore a flower above her ear
 And on her chest, a green brassier

Silver wings pressed to her breast
 Put there by America's best
 She's the girl we love so dear
 She's the girl in the green brassier

In the states a Vietnik waits
 burning cards at the White House gates
 He'll get none for about a year
 While we all share the green brassier

A VC shell fell from above
 left just one thing to remind us of
 that little girl we loved so dear...
 a slightly tattered green brassier

Put silver wings upon her stone
 to show the world she's not alone
 we love the girl who's buried here
 The girl who wore the green brassier